

# A Mystery At the Ninth

## VraieEsprit

Bleach

Complete



Created by FicLab

[www.ficlab.com](http://www.ficlab.com)

# **A Mystery At the Ninth**

**VraieEsprit**

# Copyright Information

---

This ebook was automatically created by [FicLab](#) v1.0.110 on December 8th, 2024, based on content retrieved from [www.fanfiction.net/s/8314094/](http://www.fanfiction.net/s/8314094/).

The content in this book is copyrighted by [VraieEsprit](#) or their authorised agent(s). All rights are reserved unless explicitly stated otherwise. Please do not share or republish this work without the express permission of the copyright holder.

If you are the author or copyright holder, and would like further information about this ebook, please read the author FAQ at [www.ficlab.com/author-faq](http://www.ficlab.com/author-faq).

This story was first published on July 12th, 2012, and was last updated on July 12th, 2012.

FicLab ID: \_XeYakWr/m4g6io4s/10700E581

# Table of Contents

---

[Cover](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Information](#)

[Table of Contents](#)

[Summary](#)

[1. A Mystery At the Ninth](#)

# Summary

---

<b>title</b>	A Mystery At the Ninth
<b>author</b>	VraieEsprit
<b>source</b>	<a href="https://www.fanfiction.net/s/8314094/">https://www.fanfiction.net/s/8314094/</a>
<b>published</b>	July 12th, 2012
<b>updated</b>	July 12th, 2012
<b>words</b>	3,227
<b>chapters</b>	1
<b>status</b>	Complete
<b>rating</b>	Fiction T
<b>tags</b>	Anime/Manga, Bleach, Complete, Fanfiction, Humor, Kensei M., Shuuhei H.

## Description

So because Sukuse's got a bit heavy plotwise lately, this is something random I wrote about the Ninth. Well, it began as an attempt to write about Kensei, but it turned into...something crack. So erm, here it is. Strange goings on at the Ninth Division, featuring the Vice Captains, Kensei and an unexpected visitor. Read at own risk xD Oneshot.

# 1. A Mystery At the Ninth

---

## A Mystery At the Ninth

Literally, because Sukuse's mood is serious at the moment, and because I was in a completely crack mood when writing the other night, this happened. It was born, really, out of my saying that I found it impossible to write Kensei or to know how to write him, and so this started as an attempt to write him. Only it ended up as... well... read it and see. :)

A strange noise had been coming out of the Ninth Division Administrative office for several days.

Vice Captain Sasakibe was the first to notice it, when he went to submit the schedule of Vice Captain meetings in person as he did at the start of each month. Going to the trouble of delivering each schedule personally was really above and beyond the call of duty, but Sasakibe was a man of experience, and he had learned to deliberately time these trips to coincide with Genryuusai's monthly beard-trimming session. In the absence of any hair remaining on the scalp of his head, Genryuusai had become fastidious about his long beard in the last couple of millenia, insisting on carrying out the trim himself, and Sasakibe knew from painful experience that when Ryuujinjakka meant business, it meant business.

As he left the Ninth Division's Vice Captain's office, Sasakibe thought he heard the sound of a small child crying. He thought it strange, but his mind was on completing his duty and then hurrying back to ensure no recruits had been singed or otherwise dismembered during the monthly ritual, so he soon forgot all about it.

Vice Captain Oomaeda would surely have been the next to notice it, had he not been crunching on rice crackers as he strode down the street, only half-paying attention to the litany of threats his Captain was flinging his way. Rice crackers, as he often explained condescendingly to his subordinates, were a sign of status. More, to be able to munch them and still carry out commands indicated a skill for multitasking that had kept him alive up till this point. It was, he would tell them grandly, a distraction technique. There had never, he had boasted, been a case of an Onmitsukidou operative killed whilst carrying out his duty munching crackers. Oomaeda was a man who

many considered a fool, but he was a living fool, which was proof enough for him that his strategy worked. As a result, he was much more fixed on maintaining his ritual munching than on noticing the strange, scratchy noise coming from a foreign barracks.

Vice Captain Kira of the Third Division had visited the Ninth Division early that very morning, tripping over his sandals in his hurry to cross the flagstones. He was already late in submitting his commentary on Basho's haiku for the Shinigami Newsletter, and as he picked himself up and dusted down his black hakama, he heard it. It was a soft, whining kind of a sound, persistent and repetitive, growing more insistent in volume before dying away to almost nothing. Kira wondered whether Vice Captain Hisagi had been playing his guitar again, but he was already running late, and so there was nothing to do but to scuttle back to Third. It was probably nothing, he told himself as he ran. Stranger sounds had been coming from his own Captain's office since Otoribashi-taichou's appointment to the rank, and nobody had died. Yet.

Vice Captain Kotetsu of the Fourth Division had been suffering from peculiar dreams again of late, and so, as she walked past the Ninth Division barracks, stifling a yawn behind her hand and glancing around anxiously to make sure nobody had noticed, the squealish noise that came suddenly from the direction of the Ninth's office made her jump. She stopped dead in her tracks. Surely her nightmares weren't starting to spread into her daily life too, now? With another harried glance around, she quickened her pace, hurrying towards the Thirteenth Division to deliver the usual package of chest medication to Captain Ukitake. It was only madness, she reminded herself, if someone else happened to witness it.

Vice Captain Hinamori hadn't been to the Ninth Division in a long time. It wasn't that she didn't want to go, it was just that, ever since being discharged from the Twelfth Division's Organ Regeneration unit, she had been doing her best to get used to the idea of a new Captain and everything that entailed. Unfortunately, she had soon discovered that she was afraid to let him out of her sight, fearful that he might betray her the way that his predecessor had done. As a result, she found herself sitting outside her Captain's office a lot, listening to the jazz records that he played on loop whilst going over division affairs. More, she found she actually liked Captain Hirako's jazz music — and so had no interest in going to investigate any kind of whining from the Ninth. Besides, she thought, as she drummed her fingers absently in time with the rhythm, it was probably only Hisagi playing his guitar again.

Vice Captain Abarai was tone deaf. He was embarrassed to admit it, and was still trying to live down the occasion where he'd mistaken his Captain's Enka music for the attack of a Hollow. He had burst into the Sixth Division's office with Zabimaru ready to release only to find that Captain Kuchiki was entertaining kin from the Main House. In his haste he had forgotten that the office door was actually two or three beams over from the jagged hole in the wall through which he had inadvertently made his entry, and so he was spending his free day re-papering and taping together the broken bamboo. Captain Kuchiki had not said anything, particularly... and the way he had not said it had left Abarai in a cold sweat. He would finish this by nightfall, or else.

Vice Captain Iba would probably have been interested to hear the strange sounds coming from the Ninth Office, but unfortunately that day he had pencilled in his diary to go visit his mother. This was always a terrifying task at the best of times, and so he had begun bright and early, arming himself with the necessary dose of sake — some for him, some for her... actually, mostly for her, the more the better — and had made his excuses to his Captain, leaving the barracks and heading off to the quiet little village where Iba Chikane now terrorised the residents. Chikane was not a fan of music. Iba had asked her why, on a couple of occasions, and had received some long litany about fair haired fops playing it at all hours of the day and night. She had concluded her tirade by throwing a shoe at him and criticising him for being late. Yes, the more sake the better. And since Iba knew his mother would not be interested in any music coming from the Ninth, he wisely chose to leave the subject well alone.

Vice Captain Ise didn't have time to fuss about what those idiots next door were up to. She had far too much work on her plate running around after her own Captain, who had fallen asleep under a pile of papers, his pink haori spread out like a fan around his gently snoring body. She did not know how he had managed to fall asleep so perfectly beneath the stack of documents, the upper-most sheets of which drifted slowly and delicately to the floor in a kind of a petal dance as he slept, but she could only imagine that one of the lower seated officers had had some fun with him whilst not being supervised. She would find out which later. She had ways of making them talk.

Vice Captain Ise stood in the doorway of the Captain's office, listening to the sound of his snores, and she sighed, before moving to gather up the sheets of paper. It would be so much easier to stay cross with him, she mused regretfully, if only she wasn't so fond of him.

Vice Captain Hisagi was confused. All day long, his subordinate

officers had been giving him the strangest looks, and he was starting to get a complex about it. When he passed their huddles in the yard, they seemed to stop talking or to change the subject, hurrying to salute him whilst exchanging glances and raised eyebrows when he thought they weren't looking. A couple of times he thought he caught the end of a sentence here, a phrase there... and he was certain he had made out the words 'guitar', 'practice' and 'killing something', but he couldn't quite see how these things meshed together.

To make matters worse, Hisagi didn't know where his Captain was. The last time he had seen him, Captain Muguruma had been disappearing into the Administration Room with a gruff instruction to oversee drill. Hisagi wasn't quite sure what was wrong with that instruction, but he wasn't going to question it. If his Captain wanted to see to paperwork instead of working up a sweat and swearing at the recruits, that was his call. Perhaps he was ill. There had been some strange sounds from that room this morning. Hisagi pondered on this as he went to begin the drill. Perhaps he ought to check up on his Captain after the warm-up, just in case.

Vice Captain Matsumoto was still sleeping off the effects of a late-night tippie at the Eight Division, where Captain Kyouraku's reserves of alcohol were among the best and most varied in Seireitei. The only trouble was that she had been intending to get up early that morning in order to finish the paperwork that she had not been able to surreptitiously slip into Captain Hitsugaya's pile of documents the night before. A loud yell from the office woke her suddenly from her dream with a jerk, and the accompanying chill in the air made Matsumoto think that perhaps now would be a good time to make herself scarce...

Vice Captain Kusajishi was collecting fish. Not just any kind of fish, but the biggest, goldest, juiciest looking koi from the Kuchiki pond. She liked fishing, when she wasn't piggy-back riding on Captain Kenpachi's broad shoulders, or running the Women's Society from whichever part of Captain Kuchiki — nickname, "Byakushi" —'s home she had managed to infiltrate at the time. Besides, she could get a good trade for these fish. If she took them to the Thirteenth Division, Captain Ukitake — nickname, UkiUki — would give her candy in return. Vice Captain Kusajishi was a smart businesswoman, and more importantly, she liked her candy. Noises at the Ninth might be interesting to investigate, but less likely to come with a sugary reward. Everyone knew that the best candy in Seireitei could be found in UkiUki's Ugendou.

Vice Captain Kurotsuchi might have walked over to Ninth to

perform scientific analysis on the strange sounds emitting from the Administration office, but she was currently without her legs. Captain Kurotsuchi had borrowed them that morning in order to do some cellular reproduction, and so she was literally hanging around with nothing to do. There wasn't even anything interesting on the laboratory monitors. Akon was busy on another project, and Hiyosu had been hunched over the screen intently for some time, his gaze never leaving it for one moment. A stranger might think he was being diligent to his work, but Vice Captain Kurotsuchi knew that he was only spying on pretty girls in the Real World. Again. If Captain Kurotsuchi found out about this, Nemu was a little worried what might become of her legs. Perhaps she wouldn't talk about it. Perhaps that would be best.

Vice Captain Kuchiki had been to visit the memorial of her predecessor, Shiba Kaien that morning, pausing to pay her respects to the man she had long considered her mentor. As she walked back towards the Thirteenth Division, she passed a small, pinkish blur that sped past her and into the barracks without a moment of hesitation. The blur had left a splattery trail of what looked suspiciously like lake water, but as Vice Captain Kuchiki was considering whether she ought to investigate this further, she heard a strange sound coming from Ninth Division's barracks. Confused, she crossed over the cobbles and stepped into the other Division's courtyard. Was Vice Captain Hisagi playing his guitar again? But no, there was the Vice Captain in the yard, running drill with his recruits.

It was already a hot day, and perspiration was running down the faces of many of the members. It wasn't really her place, but as they took a break, she felt the urge to offer them some ice from her sword to help them cool down. In return, she suggested to Vice Captain Hisagi, maybe the Shinigami Newsletter could print some of her and Captain Kuchiki — known as 'Niisama' —s latest pictures. It might have been her imagination — or the effect of so much exertion — but Rukia half thought that Hisagi's face changed colour slightly at her suggestion.

Before he could fumble for a coherent response, the door of the administrative room opened, and Captain Muguruma appeared. He seemed hot and bothered, a hole rent in the hem of his haori, and a fresh scratch oozing blood across the back of his hand.

"That was a short drill," he observed, followed by, "do we have milk?"

Rukia glanced at Hisagi, who glanced back at her, identical

confusion in their gazes.

“Erm...”

“Don’t give me erm! Yes or no, do we have milk, dammit!”

Captain Muguruma was clearly not in one of his more negotiable moods. Hisagi picked up on the vibe, and, turning to his nearest subordinate, he sent him off to check the Division supplies to see if there was any milk.

Hisagi admired Captain Muguruma more than anyone else in the whole world, ever — or at least, ever since the last person he had admired most in the whole world, ever, had started killing people, run off to live with hollows and ended his days a giant, black-furred bug, but Hisagi preferred not to talk about that — and so he was well accustomed to the various different expressions that could cross his Captain’s face.

There was the slightly disgruntled look, that meant he was fairly content with how things were. The manly disinterested look, which meant he was happy. There was the fed up and snarly look, which was how his face contorted whenever anyone mentioned to him some girl called Mashiro — Hisagi wondered if this was a former girlfriend, but didn’t like to ask — and then there was the resolute expression he adopted before he went into battle. To an outsider, several of these expressions might seem extremely similar, but Hisagi was not an outsider, and so Hisagi knew.

However, Hisagi did not know the expression currently adorning his Captain’s features. In fact, if he searched his extensive vocabulary of descriptive words for one that fit this expression perfectly, he found that he was forced to fall back with a thump on, “oh shit.”

“Good morning, Muguruma-taichou.” At his side, the Thirteenth Division Vice Captain was attempting to be polite. Perhaps she hadn’t picked up the agitated vibe, or noticed the ‘oh-shit’ expression... Hisagi wasn’t sure. However, he wassure that his Captain’s cropped hair — about half an inch in places, Hisagi knew, because he had measured it very carefully when his Captain had given him the honour of reaping it with the sharp edge of Kazeshini’s blade — was standing up on end in indignation, and he was in no mood for small talk. He frowned.

“Is there something I can help with, Taichou? Paperwork, perhaps?” he hazarded.

His Captain’s eyes swivelled — Hisagi had not known that they

could swivel, but swivel they did and in a rolling, half-crazy motion that, had he not been so perturbed he might have found an interesting addition to his mental collection of Muguruma Mugshots. However, he was far too preoccupied to bother with that at the moment, for, at his attempt to step forward into the office, a brawny paw had shot out to hold him back, forcibly pushing him away from the entrance.

“No, you don’t need to go in there,” now there was another note in his Captain’s voice, and Hisagi’s brain lurched and sank into the quagmire a little more as he tried to define what it meant. Confrontational? No. Anxious? Perhaps a bit. Defensive...? Settling on that one, Hisagi realised his Captain was still speaking, and hurried to pick up the rest of the sentence.

“... handle it. Just get the damned milk, and it’ll be fine.”

There was no milk.

As the recruit hurried across the yard to relay this message, something small, furry and black wove its way around Muguruma’s legs, rubbing up against his shin with an almost mocking purr before prancing daintily across the cobbles towards the two non-plussed Vice Captains and the gaggle of recruits. Settling itself down very pointedly in the middle of the training ground, the creature lifted a dark paw to its mouth as it began to clean itself, a tiny pink tongue brushing over the short, ebony coat.

A long silence followed, then Hisagi cast his Captain a confused look.

“Taichou? Er... did you know... there was a cat... in the admin office?”

The look he received in return almost killed him on the spot. Yes, he had seen his Captain release his wind sword, but no, he had never seen the man himself turn into a thunderclap, lightning flashing from his eyes, and he did NOT want to see it ever again.

Another silence, then, muttering under his breath, Muguruma turned on his heel, stomping back into the administrative office and slamming the door behind him.

Hisagi scratched his head, perplexed. It had sounded very much as though his Captain had said “Barbeque... cat... Shihouin... new haori... Damn Urahara... idea of a joke,” but that just didn’t make sense, so it couldn’t possibly be right. He must’ve misheard... perhaps his Captain was getting sick, after all.

He glanced at Rukia, who had moved to the cat’s side, reaching out

to stroke it absently behind the ears.

“Kuchiki-san?”

“I didn’t know you were visiting the Ninth today, Yoruichi-san,” Rukia was not listening to her colleague, her attention fixed on the feline whose bright gold eyes were now glittering in her direction. “You should have mentioned it. I’m sure Niisama would like to see you!”

Hisagi blinked.

Maybe whatever it was was catching. Perhaps he ought to call by the Fourth Division and see if there were any remedies for odd behaviour. But first, he pondered, he might call by the Tenth and ask Vice Captain Matsumoto whether she’d noticed anything odd in her division... just out of neighbourly responsibility, of course...